

love's a loaded gun by gghoulish

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Drabble Collection, Fluff and Angst, M/M, Mutual Pining, One Shot Collection, Pining, Post-Season/Series 02, Pre-Season/Series 03, Sharing Clothes, Slice of Life, already small ship tag be any more sad and lacking of content LMAO, carol and tommy are like best friends and she knows/knew that he's gay, i'll probably add stommy tags soon but i don't want to make an, no cheating - or if there is it's brief, rating may go up if i write some smut y'never know, so they're chill - might be in a fake relationship

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Tommy Hagan

Relationships: Tommy Hagan/Billy Hargrove, Tommy Hagan/Billy Hargrove/Original Male Character(s), Tommy Hagan/Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Tommy Hagan/Original Male Character(s)

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Summary:

various drabbles/oneshots focusing primarily on tommy hagan.

1. time stands still (these days) (tommy/billy/steve)

Notes for the Chapter:

ok, i'll be real with y'all, i've spent the last two months thinking a lot about tommy, and i'm thrilled to see his actor be on the same page i am when it comes to him. i've developed a lot of headcanons and i love to write for him. i don't know when he'll be in larger projects of mine, but i wanted to put all of my oneshots/drabbles onto here (and i didn't really want to post them all separately, most of them aren't that big or impressive)--- feel free to suggest some tommy content if you want to see anything in particular! be warned that there will be subjects of abuse and homophobia. most of these chapters are separate universes.

([click here for spotify playlist](#))

They're on better terms, these days. Highschool was in the past, Starcourt an echo of something awful, and now Billy found himself taking drives to Tommy's house— and Steve wasn't far behind, because he'd just gotten off work, and *these days*, that meant they all met at Tommy's house.

Billy and Steve had been a thing for a while. The jealousy and animosity aimed at that change had faded when Tommy admitted why he had been so hostile; he'd *cared* about the both of them (*more than that, he'd loved them*), and though it was hard to accept, neither Billy nor Steve could judge him harshly for his attitude, not when they'd made their fair share of mistakes. Tommy had been willing, despite his fragile feelings, to be a friend to them again.

But the closeness they all shared now— it wasn't what any of them

had planned. Billy could walk straight into Tommy's house— spare house key bouncing up and down in the palm of his hand— and it felt natural. Like he got up every day and this was where he was supposed to be.

“Hey, what's up?” Tommy spoke up from his place on the floor of his room, going through a bin of tapes, his *disgustingly* orange carpet greeting Billy like a sweet hello. More than that, he found himself a little taken aback by Tommy's current outfit. Tommy looked pleased as punch, smiling up at him like he had a reason to.

“Nothin’— when'd you start dressing like that?”

“What, you a prude? I'm not a girl or some shit, Hargrove,” he rolled his eyes, unfazed by Billy.

“Shut the fuck up,” Billy said it affectionately, sitting next to him, peering over his shoulder at the tapes he had. Tommy was a little weird, always got whatever he could get his hands on, even if it sounded like absolute garbage— had the money to spare, Billy figured, since he'd stopped taking Carol out.

These days, Carol was out of the picture. At least, the *ride-off-into-the-sunset* picture. Why it had been a surprise, both Billy and Steve didn't know— it was inevitable, after all. Tommy seemed to be embracing a part of himself that neither of them were very good with. Part of it made a territorial sense bubble up in Billy's gut, but he didn't know why.

“You goin' out like that?” They'd planned to go see a movie, but he

wasn't sure if a crop top that trashy was fucking *legal*. Tommy had developed a reputation for his shorts that hugged his ass relentlessly, but the shirt (*or lack there-of*) really put it over the top, made Billy's gaze wander down over the expanse of his stomach, gaze catching on his happy trail.

"What, afraid I'll get all the attention?" And no— Billy had never been afraid of that. Tommy had always been cute, sure— he wouldn't kiss on a guy if he was fucking ugly— but the thing they'd had was in the past. *Wasn't it?*

These days, Billy wasn't so sure.

He heard the front door open, shut, and both Billy and Tommy knew it was Steve. They'd memorized the sound of him coming in. In tandem, their heads snapped up and looked to the doorway of the room, identically adoring smiles reaching their lips.

Steve raised an eyebrow at the display and sat down on the opposite side of Tommy, looking over the tapes and picking one out. *Madonna*. Figured. At least it wasn't some foreign rock that'd made their ears bleed. "We'll listen to this on the way to the movie," he said, but his gaze wasn't on the tape, instead it was stuck on Tommy. From his thighs, to his chest, up to the freckles that graced his face like a night sky full of stars.

"Why're you looking at me like that?" Tommy gave a suspicious look, going from Steve, to Billy. Usually they sat next to each other, not both on either side of him. He felt like he was in a tank filled with sharks.

And these days, they always seemed to get closer to him, as if every visit was something that pulled them in closer. First Billy's hand was on his arm, and then Steve was leaning into him, looking mischievous.

"Maybe we just think you're cute, man. That so bad?" Steve knew it was playing with fire to say that kind of shit, he knew how far gone Tommy was— not just on him, but on Billy, too. It felt like a dangerous game to play, and yet, Billy joined in, as if it were only right;

"Yeah," his voice was low, a tone that he'd only saved for Steve, as of late, "can't dress like that and expect us to have good Christian thoughts, Tommy," Billy got front row seats to the blush that spread like wildfire, especially since he'd leaned in to say that.

"Fuck you guys. Third wheelin' with you is fucking Hell," he puffed out a reply, shoving at Billy and frowning, glaring daggers towards Steve when he poked at him. But the thing was, it didn't feel so much like Tommy was the third wheel, not anymore. However, as Billy and Steve shared a look, they didn't quite know how to explain that. The words weren't with them, not yet. Maybe someday soon, they'd know. For now, they just laughed and enjoyed how flustered they'd made Tommy.

These days, things weren't so bad.

Notes for the Chapter:

this was inspired by a roleplay i did a few months ago, so it won't have a follow-up, but i'd still love to write more tharringrove oneshots!

2. tightrope (tommy/billy)

Summary for the Chapter:

'typical post-s3 au (think the usual harringrove), but it's tommy who takes care of billy. once billy is out of the hospital, he acts like it's carol that wants to see him— but it's really him. and it breaks his heart to see the fire gone from billy's eyes, makes him want to just reignite it, to see even a spark of what used to be.'

"I'm gonna beat your old man's ass," he said, one night, after Max had called him and told him to pick Billy up. The bruises that were blossoming over Billy's now-paler skin were obvious, and the blood on his lips was an echo of a time where that color might have been there minus the carnage. He thinks fondly of those days in the Summer, when he caught glimpses of cherry lip-gloss and sun-kissed skin. Billy didn't talk about what had happened on the fourth of July, but Tommy had seen the scars, knew it wasn't from a fucking *fire*. He also knew damn well that Billy didn't deserve to go home to a dad who hated him and treated him like he was a piece of shit, no matter what he did. A part of him ached, knowing that Billy had to endure that kind of life--- and even more, it hurt to know that he'd let them grow distant, and that only Billy's accident had brought them back together.

"Not some girl you can protect," Billy eventually said back, all but falling in on himself as he sat on Tommy's floor, golden curls doing their best to hide his heart-wrenching expression. Tommy would think, for a moment, that maybe he'd let himself run again--- that he'd let Billy go, try to move on again. But he didn't think he could do that, he couldn't look at Billy and abandon him, not when he was living like this, looking so lost. He'd gone through Hell for years, but this was a fresh form of it, something harsher, something that Tommy wasn't sure he'd survive alone.

"I don't fucking care about that, Hargrove. I care about **you**," and he'd already let go once, had seen the shit that Billy's dad had done and he hated himself for ever having walked away, for ever having done something that selfish. When he remembers, **and he remembers it more often than not**, the night last Autumn, when Billy Hargrove had stumbled to his house, off his ass, beat to shit, and tears in his eyes as he said, *'I'm just a fuckin' faggot'*--- he feels sick to his stomach. That night, Billy had looked at him, like he wanted to be told he *was* just a faggot, that he was some filthy piece of shit-- but all Tommy had done was take him into his arms, bring him inside, and patched him up, like he was just a broken doll glued together by the child who loved it. Right now, Tommy would do that, and so much more.

"I don't care about what people think, Billy. You're staying with me," and it wasn't going to be made into an argument, because a sob ripped itself, harsh and raw from Billy's chest--- it was enough to tell Tommy that he wanted to stay. The fire may be gone from Billy, but it was alive and well within himself--- and he'd let that fire warm Billy, as he wrapped his arms around him, unwilling to ever let him go again. He was too scared to say he *loved* him, even though he **did**, but he hoped someday he'd be able to tell Billy that, and that Billy might accept it---

because it didn't matter if Billy loved him back, Tommy only wished for him to be safe, and for him to be happy.

Notes for the Chapter:

god do i love billy/tommy.... *blows a kiss into the void for them*

3. shirt sharing (billy/tommy/steve)

Summary for the Chapter:

three times the boys steal each other's shirt.

Notes for the Chapter:

your guess is as good as mine as to when exactly each scene takes place, but i kinda imagined it in the a pre/post-s3 au where tommy interrupts the fight at byers house and they all kinda get involved w the demogorgon shit instead of being at each other's throats. this was originally just harringtongrove but i thought it'd be cute if i added tommy (: the order of pov's is billy, steve, and then tommy!

“Is that my shirt, Harrington?” Billy didn’t even know whose house they were in, right now— probably wouldn’t know whoever had invited them by name, either. Everyone had gotten pretty fucked up last night, so everyone was asleep or wandering around for food. People who had been drunk were waking up hungover, or maybe even still drunk, for all Billy knew.

“Not my fault you threw it in a potted plant. Tommy puked on *my* shirt, so I’m wearing this now. You can never keep a shirt on, anyway,” Steve was **just** tipsy enough to be that daring, and Billy raised an eyebrow. Well, it didn’t matter, anyway, he still had his jacket. *And Steve looked pretty damn good in his shirt...*

He let it go with a flourish, shrugging dramatically and clapping an hand on Steve's shoulder, his arm across his back as he leaned in close to say, "*well, doesn't look too bad on you, **pretty boy**,*" in a low tone, eyebrows waggling before he pushed off of Steve and went off into the ruins of the party they'd attended, in an effort to go and find their freckly third. He can remember that they at least drove here in

the fastback he'd helped Tommy restore, though Billy can't lie and say he isn't miffed by the green color Tommy had chosen for it. But that didn't matter so much right now; Billy just wanted to get out of there.

He doubted that any of them were fit for driving, but he still went about finding Tommy, who was slumped against the wall in one of the hallways. Billy, with no consideration, began pulling Tommy up by the back of his shirt since that seemed like a good idea, and Billy gave him a shake and batted at the fist that swung at him in a weak effort to fight back.

"C'mon, Tee," he said, rolling his eyes at how disgruntled and messy Tommy looked. Tommy had a hand pressed to his stomach as he groaned, and Billy snorted. "Never gonna be King of the Keg, freckles," not that Tommy had tried many times--- he'd witnessed him attempt to outdo Steve once, and otherwise had heard tales of how poor his tolerance was. Not that he needed to hear it to believe it; he'd *seen* it, after all.

"Sober up," Billy shoved Tommy in the direction of the place he *hoped* was the kitchen, "and I'll make it worth your while," was a promise paired with a toothy grin, that, ultimately, Tommy couldn't resist.

However, he did end up throwing up at least one more time before they left, and Billy did have to recruit Steve to help him find Tommy's jacket and keys, but they got out of there before anyone tried to get them to help clean up--- in fact, Tommy's puke was someone else's problem, since Billy had dragged him away from the scene. But Billy *did* make it worth his while--- by listening to him bitch and moan while he laid in bed hungover, anyway.

“Why the fuck’re you wearing my shirt?” He’d left Billy alone for a few minutes— the dumbass had fallen asleep at his house last night, so he was nice enough to let him take a shower. But then he came back into his room and Billy had stolen one of his shirts.

“Don't you always complain that I never have a shirt on?" Billy sneered in response, toothy grin rubbing Steve the wrong way, just as intended.

“It isn’t even clean!” Steve's hands clenched and unclenched, and Billy eyed him, seeming amused by the reaction.

“So? Want me to go shirtless?” *Yeah, like the guy didn’t already have a shirt somewhere in the house.* Steve sighed, regardless.

“No, fuck it. Do whatever you want,” he rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. If anything, he was mad that Billy looked *cute* . Mad that he wasn’t really mad about him stealing a shirt. He had a lot of conflicting feelings.

“Always so nice to me, aren’t you, princess?” Steve gave him a quick glare after he heard that, before he pointed to the door, impatient for Billy to leave. He had to go pick up Max, anyway. However, that didn’t stop Billy from winking at him and taking his sweet ass time in leaving, though.

He got off his shift late, having run a few extra deliveries--- he was sweaty, uncomfortable, and overall, ready for the day to end. He wouldn't have even planned to stop into his room when he got home, but--- he spotted Steve's car outside, and his curiosity got the better of him. When he got inside, he peeked into his room, and spotted that it wasn't just Steve there, but also Billy. Not too surprising, since Billy had been mostly driven around by Steve or himself the last few weeks.

Tommy wouldn't have minded much--- his room is filled with the stench of *weed* , which he figures Steve had just gotten, since his own stash is out. He can see that Billy's flipping through some porno mags he'd hidden away under Tommy's bed ages ago, and Steve looked content just bobbing his head to the music he'd put on.

"Did I miss something?" Tommy asked, eyebrow raised. Both Billy and Steve were completely out of it, but Steve smiled after a few seconds.

"No--- just thought you'd want some company," Steve said, voice airy and eyes twinkling.

"And weed," Billy added, lazily looking up from the somewhat tattered magazine. It was the one that Tommy assumed was his favorite, considering it was in such shape. But what was more curious was the orange shirt that Billy was wearing, and after furrowing his brows and looking between them, he realized that they're both in *his* clothes--- or at least his shirts. And now that he'd looked a little harder, he could also see the shimmer of the lip gloss he'd gotten Billy a few months back--- another thing often stowed away in Tommy's room. While he'd originally gotten him it as a peace offering after a fight, he usually only saw Billy wearing it when he was in a... ***mood.***

After clearing his throat and blinking a few times, he scrunched his nose up. "Oh come on, those barely fit you guys," though Tommy was heftier than Steve and less muscular than Billy, his shirts looked *weird* on them--- and not just because they were the color of orange that rarely complimented *anyone* , not even their owner.

"Dude, it's comfy. Chill out," Steve passed the blunt to Billy, who was laid back, boneless against Tommy's bed, the shirt he'd stolen riding up his stomach, similarly to how it looked almost ***cropped*** on Steve. It's nice, though, because he hasn't seen Billy this relaxed in a while, certainly not since Starcourt.

"You shitheads just don't know how to do laundry," Tommy accused, his eyes narrowed. It was true, though--- while Steve was good with his looks, and Billy was good with cars, Tommy was way better at housework. Steve, unfazed, giggled at what he said and then pawed around until he grabbed some clothes, handing them up to Tommy.

"Uh, thanks?" He looked them over with a raised eyebrow, but a blush started up when he saw that it was one of his (*only*) croptops, as well as some of his skimpier shorts. He almost ***never*** wore these, if only because of his insecurity. It didn't help that he'd gained a few pounds, especially since working at the pizzeria--- the shorts were *tight* , and the croptop barely covered his tits.

Looking at Billy, he wasn't too surprised if the decision had been made by him. He was always keen on sucking on any flesh that he could, and apparently he hadn't caught the memo that they should be focusing on *girls'* tits, not guys.

"C'mon, Tee. Give us something to work with," Billy rolled his eyes as he exhaled, gesturing with his hand that held the blunt.

Tommy knew better than to complain, though. He caught the way Steve *looked* at him, that same impish look he'd always given Nancy. Both Billy *and* Steve were their own kinds of insatiable, and sometimes, Tommy was in that crossfire and fawned over. Apparently, today was his lucky day.

"O--- okay," Tommy swallowed, huffing air out of his nose as he dropped his backpack near his desk.

"Go on then, get your shower in, *Tommy* ," the way Steve said that made a shiver go down his spine, and his features twisted into a scowl.

"Oh, fuck off, Stevie," was all he said, closing his door with a *little* too much force, and apparently that made Billy and Steve laugh loud enough for him to hear it as he went down the hall.

"He won't be complaining for long," was all Billy said.

Notes for the Chapter:

i might do a follow-up sometime with smut but for now this part is done ♥

4. give me a piece of paradise (billy/original male character/tommy)

Summary for the Chapter:

just a sweet night in with billy, tommy, and their sweet third, donnie swan (takes place post-s2, pre-s3)

Notes for the Chapter:

donnie belongs to my boyfriend, mj! he's also cameoed in cruel to be kind, and we do lots of roleplays with these three. i just wanted to write something comforting (:

Everything was all set up for them to watch a movie together, although, Billy was a little late. It made Donnie impatient, fidgeting and pacing from the kitchen back to the living room, where he eventually flopped down next to Tommy, reaching over to squeeze his belly through his shirt before he gave him an impish little kiss.

"Aw, c'mon, Don," Tommy whined a bit at the handsy nature of his boyfriend, a blush rising to his freckled cheeks as he looked away. He was pouting, but he didn't intend to--- it just made Donnie giggle and clap his hands over Tommy's cheeks, pulling him in for a *real* kiss, telling him *shut up, fatty, you like it*. Tommy doesn't complain that time, because he always felt all *mushy* when Donnie did that. He was the only person who could get away with teasing him like that--- even Billy couldn't do it without a negative reaction.

To be honest, Tommy had never expected to be this adored by one person, let alone two. He'd been insecure for most of his life--- his relationship with Carol had even made it worse, in some ways. He'd always wanted to be better for her--- but being *better* only meant not

being *himself*. As strange as it was, Billy moving here had changed it all, finally made him understand what he wanted and needed. He was reminded of how lucky he was when the very source of that awakening opened the front door, coming in with his usual loud, attention-demanding presence.

Tommy still tried to hide his excitement, sometimes--- but Donnie never did. Donnie's curls bounced as his head shook, a grin coming over his features, face crinkling up with his excited expressions as he saw their boyfriend come in. Billy dropped his keys onto the coffee table, shrugging his jacket off and going over to the couch to drape himself over the back of it, hands going around Donnie's shoulders and neck.

"Miss me, Swan? How about a kiss?" There's a playful growl from Billy and a yelp from Donnie when Billy dipped his head lower to nip at his neck. He did manage to get a quick kiss in, though, once he stopped being, as Tommy called him, *a shark*. He then caught the interested gaze of Tommy and he reached over to ruffle his hair, shoving at him with a grin on his face.

"Hey Tee. Don't look so fuckin' sour, Jesus. You miss me too?" Billy'd always been softer with Tommy, but he still puts on his more abrasive front. It's his eyes that tell Tommy just how much he cares about him, and it flusters him all over again.

"Yeah, whatever. You're late, asshole. Sit down already," Donnie had at least gotten popcorn and beers during his pacing, and they were all ready to sit down and watch the movie Billy had brought over. Some

horror movie or another, which Tommy knew would make Donnie antsy and grabby, because none of them really watched a movie for the plot, really.

Unless it was Star Wars. Then Donnie was all over it. But Billy only submitted to that marathon if he had a full weekend off, and a lot of patience, too. Love, or whatever they felt, didn't make a man immune to the intensity of Donnie Swan on a Star Wars lore tirade.

"Better late than never," Billy said, dropping the tape into Tommy's lap as he jumped the back of the couch, sitting between the two of them and kicking his feet up onto the coffee table. It was a strangely intimate situation, because it was--- well, a *date*. It's something so simple, but something not really possible outside of this house.

They're lucky that Donnie's parents are accepting, that they'd made this a space for not just their kids, but their kids' friends to be safe. Here, they can at least be themselves. Billy lets go of his arrogance, to some extent, and Tommy forgets all the ways he'd repressed his feelings over the years. Donnie can feel more himself, can fidget and smile and talk about whatever he wants--- paradise is an empty house, to them. But he can never dwell too much on the grim nature of the world, and for that he's grateful.

"Don't worry, moon-eyes, you can suck me off if you get too scared," Billy saying that made Tommy burst into a laugh, and he heard Donnie agree, though he added, "*what about Tommy?* " To which Billy said---

"More than enough to go around," and Tommy shoved at him, saying that it'd be nice if they could watch a movie without fucking before the commercials were over.

"Don't be such a pussy, Hagan," Billy taunted him, as always, but it was with a softer look on his face. There was a comfort to being so open, to having time with each other. There were still masks they put up, but they were growing up. Things were changing, and Tommy thought they could become happier, too.

Tommy hoped someday that their paradise could go beyond these walls, too.